

# I Hope You'll be Here When I need You the Most by orphan\_account

**Series:** [Songs I Can't Listen To \[1\]](#)

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**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

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**Summary:**

He needed to go.

So he did, he distanced himself from them. At first he regret it, thought about coming back, making another stupid excuse for his absense. But no, he didn't need to make excuses, he wanted to go away so he did. Too much memories. Too much pain, he decided.

## I Hope You'll be Here When I need You the Most

He didn't like feeling this way, feeling like he needed them, because he didn't or maybe he did, but he didn't want to. They weren't so close anymore, barely talked in the halls or class, Will didn't even go to the meetings anymore.

After the Upside Down, everything just felt far. Long gone. Everything Will had would never be the same, everything he had *with them* would never be the same. So he opted for not having anything.

They tried, they really tried, but he just wasn't giving in, he loved them of course he did, they were his bestfriends but they were too much, so overwhelming. He needed to go.

So he did, he distanced himself from them. At first he regret it, thought about coming back, making another stupid excuse for his absence. But no, he didn't need to make excuses, he wanted to go away so he did. Too much memories. Too much pain, he decided.

But of course they would try to make things right again. It was their last year of high school, Will was going to an art school, he was sure of that. He didn't know what the others were gonna do, he just didn't care anymore for those things, and it felt *weird* and *wrong*, so when Dustin and Lucas came almost jumping towards him while he was searching for his sketchbook in his locker, he felt *fine* for at least two seconds then he remembered that no, that wasn't his life anymore.

Dustin had this big and sincere smile he did when something was going just well and happy, Lucas was smiling too, but more normally, like a polite smile.

"Dude" said Dustin "are you coming to the meeting in Saturday, right?" he asked like if Will hadn't been avoiding the meetings or *them* for years. They keep telling him when and where the meetings were going to be, maybe hoping he would show up or at least pass by. But he never did, and probably never would.

"You have to" Lucas smiled. A devilish smile "Is going to be in Castle Byers" he said, and he looked like he won an argument that it wasn't even there, like if just because the place the meeting was going to be

was Will's favorite place as a child will make him go.

"What? You didn't asked if you could use Castle Byers" he closed the locker, sketchbook long forgotten. "And I can't go. I'm going to see Jonathan" he was going to see Jonathan, he was going to visit him at the uni. But next week.

Dustin smile dropped and Lucas didn't look like he won an imaginary argument anymore.

"Mike really wants you to go" Dustin said looking at Will, sad or dissapointed, or angry, will couldn't tell beacuse he was looking at the floor now.

Yeah, Mike, he'd forgotten what it felt to be around him, Will haven't talked to him in a long time. For some reason Mike was a popular kid now, maybe beacuse he's Nancy's brother or something, but now he is a cool kid and hangs out with pretty girls and boys that smoke and drink too much for Will's taste. He also had forgotten what it felt to have your heart crushed everytime you hear your crush's name, your imposible and unattainable crush. 'cause after all this years, Will couldn't get over him, it was *too much*, but he had already given too much why couldn't he just give his love for Mike Wheeler away too?

"We also want you to come. We miss you, Will" Lucas said softly, he only talked softly when he was trying to be delicate, to be careful, Will knows that very well, after he came back everyone was *soft and careful* with him like he might have a breakdown right there if they speak in a normal volume. And he was grateful for their concern, but no, he wasn't going to break and they just made him think he was *weak*, so he stoped talking to people more than necessary beacuse he didn't want the soft treat. He wanted the normal treat.

"I..." he trailed off, didn't really know what to say. He just wanted to say something. *Anything*. "I think I might go. Just to check you don't destroy the fort" he joked, giving them a fake smile. Oh, he had gotten so good at faking smiles over the years, for every "are you okay"'s and "everything is fine now"'s he just smiled, smiled trying to get away of the condolences .

Lucas and Dustin smiled, happy and pleased with themselves, so for a moment Will felt *right*.

It was weird, being all together like this, it hadn't happen in years. And it's weird that it's like that beacuse they are his bestfriends and they used to know each other, but now, Will didn't even know that Dustin had a girlfriend until Lucas started teasing him beacuse of the letter he found in his backpack when he was getting the beer out.

Oh yeah, and the beer. Mike's idea, Will hated beer, it made him sick.

*Oh*, and Mike, Will didn't remember the last time he talked with Mike like they used to. Yeah they have talked last week, but it was in math class and it was to ask Mike for a pencil 'cause he had forgotten his. So yeah, it felt weird but good, but it hurted beacuse he had lost a lot of moments with Mike.

"So, at what college are you aplying for?" Will asked, rolling the bottle of beer in his hands, looking at it, beacuse he couldn't look at Mike's face. He was still too damn cute, and it still hurt Will a lot.

"I don't know," he looked at him, Mike was looking outside and chuckled seeing Dustin and Lucas' atempts to make a fire "haven't thought of it yet" he added later, still looking outside the fort.

Will nodded and take a sip of his beer, gross, he hated beer so much. He hated alcohol so much, it reminded him of all the nights his father will get drunk and yell at him, even beat him up sometimes, but before everything could get worse his mom or brother always get in the way to save him. And yeah, he *was* weak.

Lucas and Dustin were still trying to make a fire, and Mike was just opening another botle of beer. Will wanted to say something, actually a lot of things. He had missed Mike, he had missed being like this with him, but this isn't the Mike he remembers, he doesn't remember a boy with a -fake-leather jacket and a beer in his hand and looking more confident than 12-year-old Mike could have ever thought he would be. Maybe it was beacuse of the kids Mike hanged out, maybe if Will had stayed by his side, Mike would still be the nerd he was. Even thought he wasn't sure he would wanted that Mike to be in high school, it would be tough. And does Will know a lot of that, he learned that kids in high school doesn't care if you were "dead" or whatever the hell happened to you, if you looked pathetic and weak

to them, they are going to be mean to you and make your life hell. Not even the art club wanted to hang out with him, that had hurt.

By the time it was almost dark outside, the other two had already made a fire, and were eating something, marshmallows probably, Will didn't know, he was too caught up talking to Mike, wanting to get back all of that time he should have spent with him when they were still kids, and still could get their things fixed.

After a moment of silence where they were watching Lucas and Dustin fight for "the perfect marshmallow" as they called it, Mike asked "did we did something wrong?" and that took Will by surprise "I mean, why did you go away?" Will doesn't know what to say, he had been thinking of excuses all this years if anyone asked him that, but he just doesn't seem to think of any of them now.

So he just goes with whatever will come up in his brain "I don't know" he says, great, not so great brain. "I just needed time alone, to be myself again," he looked down at the bottle of beer his hands that was almost untouched "but I realised that... I wouldn't be myself, ever again after everything that had happened. So I just went away."

"Oh..." it was the only thing Mike said.

"But, don't get me wrong, I missed you guys a lot, I just couldn't come back like if anything happened, like if I never avoided you in the halls or in class-

"You could've," Will looked at him, there were tears in Mike's eyes, and Will felt like dying "you know you could've. You know we would have just brushed it aside, we would've be so happy if you came back, we were hoping for it" his voice was lower now, trying not to cry "but you never did, you never talked to us unless it was necessary and sometimes you didn't even looked at us" if Mike wasn't crying, Will sure was because that had hurt. Will knew that his friends were sad and hurt about him going away.

"I'm sorry..." and then Mike's arms were suddenly around him, hugging him like he did years ago when Will have gotten back. And oh god, it felt like if everything Will did to hurt them was long gone, like if he never talked about them as "kids he used to hang out with".

And it felt *good* beacuse Will finally could breath and his heart didn't hurt so much anymore.

**Author's Note:**

This is my first Byeler fic, It's really crappy and probably has a lot of errors. But whatever i need more byeler in my life so I'll just write it myself from now on